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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. May-Blossom. Poem. E. Matheson ...	33
2. Mornings and Sunrises. Sermon. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A.	33
3. Editorial	37
4. Martyrs & Martyrdom. Frances Power Cobbe	38
5. Pioneers and Preachers. II.—Robertson of Brighton. Illustrated. Rev. F. K. Freeston	40
6. The Great Spring Festival	43
7. The Christian Name and the Liberal Faith. III.—Rev. Joseph Wood	44
8. Outward Bound. Poem. J. B. Selkirk ...	47
9. News from the Field	47
10. The Children's Page	48

May-Blossom.

Soft blossom-snow, so white and sweet,
That drifts about my aimless feet
As far afield I stray,
You call to mind those bygone hours
When all the paths were bright with flowers,
And life was sweet as May.

The earth's a mist of growing things,
The sunny air a world of wings
Which cleave the lustrous blue;
I reach and break a fragrant spray,
And then go singing all the way,
For summer comes with you!

E. MATHESON.

Spring in Exile.

The Spring is here! and far-off England wears
Its tenderest, freshest garlands on her brow.
My home-sick heart turns back to England now.
Ah! small would be my share of haunting fears
If I could stand upon a good ship's prow
And scent the bursting heather as she clears
The homeward bar: instead a mist of tears
Blots out the blush upon the hawthorn bough.

'Tis only through the eyes of memory
That I can see the yellow primrose-beds,
The cowslips in the meadow by the sea,
The golden light that the laburnum sheds,
Or crystal margins, near whose purity
The slender daffodils uplift their heads.

MARY PAGE BIRD.

Mornings and Sunrises.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5.
"In the morning ye shall see the glory of the Lord."—Ex. xvi. 7.

Did you ever stop really to think what a wonderful thing light is? You cannot see it, you cannot hear it, you cannot feel it (you can feel the warmth in the heat-ray from the sun; but I suppose that light as light, you cannot feel), you cannot smell or taste or weigh it. And yet without it the whole world, as you now see the world, would have no existence. The evening sun goes down, the light departs. The world disappears. If the darkness were complete, the world would wholly disappear. In a few hours the sun rises, the light comes back, the world is reborn. Every morning is such a stupendous and amazing rebirth of a world.

It is astonishing with what complacency we come to take things for granted simply because we are accustomed to them. Phenomena or events which, if they were new, would overwhelm us with amazement and awe, long familiarity causes us to pass by with hardly an emotion or thought. Of all the phenomena of nature, doubtless the coming of morning after the darkness of the night is the most striking and magnificent. We do not recognise it as such simply because we have always seen it.

If a generation of men could be raised up without light, or with no more light than we

have at night, and then if in mature life a morning could come to them, for the first time, with all the splendour of the mornings that we see every twenty four hours, it would produce an impression probably more overwhelming than we can conceive. Indeed, it would be certain to overpower, bewilder, and blind them, even if their nervous system did not utterly break down under so tremendous a strain. As things are, we experience it without a shock or strain simply because we are accustomed to it, because our whole nature, physical and mental, has been built up in a world where mornings and light and day are constant phenomena. But the attempt to conceive of morning coming for the first time to men unaccustomed to anything of the kind helps us a little to realise what a stupendous and magnificent phenomena of nature it really is.

The colouring of the eastern sky in the morning is not likely to be so brilliant as that of the western sky at evening. There are, however, exceptions to this. Probably most of us have seen sunrises nearly or quite as magnificent as any sunset.

The glory of the morning lies in the freshness of everything: the sparkle of the millions of diamonds of dew that adorn grass, shrub, and tree; the songs of the birds and other voices of an awakening world; and, above all, the gradual emergence of nature out of seeming non-existence and the spread of the golden sunshine everywhere, beginning with the highest hill and mountain top, and spreading slowly down into the valleys.

It is not unfrequently the case in certain localities and at certain seasons of the year that days which are bright, and which give us brilliant sunsets, have their sunrises dimmed by mists or hidden by fogs. But even where this is so, the mornings are by no means necessarily without charm, since the battle between the sun and the fog for mastery, especially if one can see it from an elevation, is often brilliant and interesting in the extreme.

The question is often discussed, Which is the more desirable life, that of the city or that of the country? Doubtless each has its advantages, and each its disadvantages. But certainly it is to be set down as a distinct loss to the average people of the city that to so large an extent sunrises and early mornings are dropped out of their existence. It is difficult to see how this can be more than in part remedied, so long as social customs remain what they are. If one is kept up to a late hour in the evening at a concert or lecture or religious meeting or social gathering, he must lie in bed correspondingly late in the morning, or fail to get an adequate amount of sleep; and insufficiency of sleep is what no one who cares to make much of this life can afford. Perhaps, therefore, the city dweller must always pay for his city privileges the penalty of not only distance from meadows and brooks, and much obscuration of skies and sunsets, but the still heavier penalty of having to lose regularly out of his life the morning hours, which I cannot but think form the finest and most inspiring part of each day.

Those city people are to be congratulated whose childhood was spent in the country, where they were able to learn at least what mornings and sunrises mean, and to hang up in the gallery of their memory pictures of morning's freshness and beauty.

Since boyhood it has often been my privilege to witness sunrise in country and in city, in many parts of our own land, and in not a few foreign lands, which are indelibly impressed upon my mind, and will be prized so long as I live as a precious part of my spiritual furnishing.

Two sunrise scenes of especial interest I must speak of a little more at length. One is a sunrise at Chamounix. Chamounix is perhaps the most charming valley in the Alps. It nestles close at the very foot of Mont Blanc, Europe's lordliest mountain. The bright stream that sings amid its gardens and homes is born in part from the snows that mantle his breast. The green grass and growing crops and blooming flowers that you see around you contrast strangely with his mighty ice masses above.

We were in Chamounix two mornings. The first was cloudy, but the second was bright. So with the earliest dawn we were up to witness the sunrise. Nor had we long to wait; for, while the darkness was yet heavy in the valley, the light was appearing on high. Of course the first gold was seen on the brow of the mighty monarch,—such a crown as no other European sovereign may wear. As we watched, down crept

the light, illuminating a larger and a larger portion of the summit. But for a long time his was the only crowned head. By and by we looked away, and, lo! yonder another peak had caught the glory; after a while another, and then another still. It was a wonderful sight to see the gold catch from peak to peak, now on the right, now on the left, now here, now there, now leaping across dark chasms and deep valleys and lighting up distant summits that were in the gloom before, but ever descending, descending toward the valleys, where the shadows lingered long and were reluctant to move. At last the victory of the sun was complete, and his beams flooded all things,—lowest valley as well as highest mountain top. At last there stood Mont Blanc before us, with every wrapping of the night laid aside, and clothed in sun-lighted splendour from grassy sandal to crown of eternal snow.

I need not attempt to describe the emotions awakened by such an experience. What could they be, unless I were a stock or a stone, but emotions of wonder and sublimity and awe? What could they be but those expressed once and for all in Coleridge's sublime hymn composed on this very spot, with all this sunrise splendour in sight?

"O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thoughts; entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou the meanwhile wast blending with my thoughts,—
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy.

. . . . . .

Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread embassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

The other sunrise is as far removed from this that I have just sketched as can well be conceived. It is not in the Alps. It is not in any foreign land or connected with any historic scene. No great poet, so far as I know, has ever sung its glories. Its appeal is more to the ear than to the eye. It is close to our own door and easily within reach of all of us. And yet it is an exhibition of surpassing wonder and charm, fit subject for the pen of a Coleridge or a Wordsworth or a Burns. I refer to the sunrises that are to be seen on all the hills round about us; and especially to the sunrise concerts of the birds which are to be heard there on any fine morning in May or June.

Several summers ago, about the middle of June, a party of four of us, and then a week later a party of ten of us, made such early morning excursions to the groves and hills along the river just east of our city. We started from home at quarter before three. At exactly three, when we were just passing outside the limits of the town, and when only the faintest flush of light was to be seen in the east, we heard the first bird-note. It was from the most common and most faithful of the fine singers in this region, the song-sparrow. When we reached the river, at 3 5, we heard the whip-poor-will. The next voice heard was that of the catbird at 3-10. Then followed the hairbird at 3-17, the robin at 3-18, and the bluebird and summer warbler, each at 3-25. Before sunrise, which occurred at 4-22, we had heard and recognised six other kinds of song-birds,—namely, chewinks, wood thrushes, rose-breasted grosbeaks, Maryland yellow-throats, and indigo birds (eleven varieties of singing birds in all),—besides doves, blue jays, blackbirds, and crows. By six o'clock a dozen more kinds of voices had been added to our concert, including those of goldfinches, brown thrushes, meadow-larks, cuckoos, pewees, and wrens. You can imagine how varied and how beautiful the concert was.

Wilson Flagg calls this bird music of the opening day "The Anthem of the Morn." Is it not strange that so few persons have ever heard it, or even know of its existence?

It is such experiences as these that lift up human life and make it great; that touch our eyes and give them new vision; that glorify the commonplace and make it commonplace no longer; that reveal to us the inexhaustible resources of nature for man's enjoyment and inspiration; that fill the world with the living presence of God; that teach us the meaning of such pictures as that of Moses at the burning bush, when he heard the divine voice saying, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The great misfortune of us all is that we so easily lose our ears and eyes. We become blind and deaf. We drop down upon the plane of the

drudge and the slave. The poetry goes out of our souls. Imagination and the higher faculties of our nature fall asleep.

What are mornings for but to wake us up? Let them wake up our souls as well as our bodies—the highest in us as well as the lowest. Let them wake up, not only to toil and to eat, but to see and to hear, to enjoy and to sing.

We want the morning spirit. The spirit of the evening is calmness, rest, peace. This is good in its place. But for life's toil and battle we want the spirit of the morning, which is hope, faith, courage, and joy.

We want a larger conception of the place that mornings were made to fill, not only in the physical world, but in human experience. There are mornings besides literal ones. Life is full of mornings. Childhood is a morning. Were ever skies so bright and fair as those which arch that morning land? Going away from home to school is often the opening of a morning gate. The same is true of entering upon a vocation in life, especially if one has long looked forward to it with expectation. Loving and marrying should open the door to a wonderful new morning. So should becoming a mother or a father.

There are spiritual experiences that are glorious mornings. Have you ever been in the grasp of a strong temptation to do wrong, or to yield obedience to your lower self when you knew it was your lower self, but after a struggle conquered, and rose up in the might of your manhood to do the thing you ought? Then you know what a sun rose in your soul's sky in that hour.

Have you ever fought out that battle which is the central one in every noble, every truly religious life—Shall I live primarily for myself, my own pleasure, my own wealth, or honour, or advancement? or shall I live first and above all else for truth, for duty, for love, to render some service to my fellows, to be what I believe God wants me to be, and to do His will? Which? I say, have you ever fought that battle out, and decided once for all, I am not my own: I am God's and my brother's; and for God and my brother I will live? Then you know what morning is. For, when you consciously made that decision there shone a light into your soul that was brighter than any sun-rising of earth.

If there is anything that should teach us that God is for ever in the world, it is the mornings. It is because his faithfulness fails not that they come in their appointed time, and at the very moment they are due. It is because he does not slumber that the world is awakened from its slumber when the proper second arrives. For what is the awakening of all nature but the touch of the finger of God? We sing,—

> "Every day is a fresh beginning,
> Every morn is a world made new."

But whose is the life that makes all things new except God's?

We talk about the "morning of creation," and think of it as in the far distant past. The truth is, now is the morning of creation. God's creative processes are going on to-day all around us, in earth and ocean and sky; and we have only to open our eyes to see them. New worlds are forming in the heavens: our telescopes reveal them to us in all stages of progress. The earth is going through constant physical changes, which are creative of new conditions for all earthly life.

The realm in which the creation is most active is that which is closest to man, and of which man is the centre. New and higher forms of industrial, social, and political life are being created. A newer and higher form of humanity is being created. God's kingdom of truth, righteousness, and love on the earth, is being created. And, of all this, we are in the bright and glorious morning.

We are in the morning of man's conquest over physical nature. We are in the morning of the age of steam. We are in the still earlier morning of the age of electricity. We are at the sun-rising of an age of travel such as the past has known nothing of. We are in the dawn of a great era of political freedom for man. We are in the dawn of universal education. We are in the morning of a great world-movement of kindness toward the suffering, the sick, the unfortunate, the deaf and dumb, the blind, the helpless aged, unprotected children, animals below man. Unless all signs fail, we are in the dawn, perhaps the very early dawn, but the dawn of an era of peace for mankind.

All this is creative work in the highest of possible realms. It is creative of a nobler humanity and of better world-conditions for that humanity.

I think we are in the morning of a better day for religion. Long and dark has been the night in which superstition, credulity, bigotry, unreason, sectarianism, strife, unbrotherliness, intolerance, hatred, persecution have done their evil work in the name of religion. But at last there is light in the east. The sunshine of truth and reason and charity is beginning to illuminate all the higher summits of the religious thinking of our time. This bids us to be of good courage. Sunrises do not go backward. There will be light in the valleys by and by.

Oh, how glorious it is to be living in the midst of such dawns, such mornings, such sunrises as these! There never was such a morning-time as ours. How should we all be up and awake!

Editorial.

The first Whitsuntide meetings of the new century will be made memorable by the International Congress of leaders of Liberal Religion from all over Christendom. While many regret that the National Conference has let slip the opportunity presented by the opening of the twentieth century for an impressive demonstration on behalf of our English churches, we may all welcome the coming Congress as at any rate the second best. It is something to the good, and we especially welcome the appointment of the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., the president of the National Conference, to the presidency of the International Congress. Large numbers of delegates are expected from America and the Continent. Among others who have promised to attend are the Rev. C. W. Wendtë, Dr. S. M. Crothers, and Prof. Jean Reville.

Many of these friends will speak at one or other of these meetings, and in addition the list of speakers includes Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Graham Wallas, the Revs. R. A. Armstrong, P. H. Wicksteed, Dr. Drummond, F. K. Freeston, L. P. Jacks, and Joseph Wood. The Congress meets on Thursday and Friday, May 30th and 31st. A public meeting will be held in the Westminster Town Hall, on Thursday evening, and the Lord Mayor of London is to give a reception to the delegates on Friday afternoon. Special arrangements are being made for the entertainment of delegates. Further information can be obtained on application to Essex Hall. We trust the meetings may be well attended and strike a note which shall call our churches to new effort, and more complete devotion.

We call special attention to the meeting which is to be held on Thursday afternoon, May 30th, in Essex Hall, at which it is hoped a "National Conference Guilds Union" will be definitely founded. It will be remembered that the Leicester Conference instructed the committee to take into consideration the proposal to federate our senior guilds and young people's religious societies into a national union, not only for mental help and encouragement, but to promote the formation of guilds in our churches. A sub-committee was appointed, which has drawn up a constitution to be submitted to the meeting on the 30th. If adopted an executive will be appointed, and the work will be at once taken in hand. Among others the following are expected to take part in the meeting:—Revs. C. Hargrove, H. Gow, J. J. Wright, Priestley Evans, John Ellis, C. W. Wendtë and Joseph Wood.

Our friend and contemporary, *The Inquirer*, in an article on "Church Covenants," has published some extracts from a report of the American Unitarian Association on the various church covenants and statements of faith now in use in our American churches. The American movement has in view, among other things, the forming of some basis of membership for the churches, by which is evidently meant some basis in doctrinal agreement or in religious vows. English Unitarians will be surprised to find the extent to which church covenants prevail in America. More than 200 out of 450 report some sort of covenant, bond of fellowship, or affirmation of belief. Some of these are simply business statements, but others are precise theological announcements, although it is not mentioned how far their acceptance is a condition either of membership or of ministerial appointment. The report winds up by recommending the adoption in every church of some brief and simple covenant or bond of fellowship," with "a definite and clearly defined church membership, *consisting*

of those who have accepted the bond of fellowship." The italics are ours. Let it be said at once that any such proposal for our English churches would be mischievous and dangerous to the highest degree, and should be strenuously resisted by every one who believes in our noble tradition of the Open Door. It may be suitable in America. We have often wondered at the passion displayed by our American cousins for definition. Never can they open a new church without some ingenious person draws up a statement, or a covenant, or a confession of faith, some of them almost as lengthy as the Thirty-Nine Articles, setting forth the basis of membership, or the things the particular church stands for. From time to time we have been favoured with such statements. They are amazing. They take away the breath. Alas! even in England there are those who tell us that what our churches want is a new definition. Having riddled all the old definitions with our shot, we are called upon to set up a brand new one of our own. Some pessimistic soul, uttering a Jeremiad over the condition of our churches, says: "Let us have a statement of faith, precise, tangible, clear to the intellect, and that shall let the world know just where we are." Well, the desire to let the world know just where we are in the realm of intellectual and theological truth, as if that would give our churches new vitality, is the foolishest and most ridiculous notion that could enter the Unitarian mind. Our bond of union is not intellectul and theological, but wholly spiritual, and therefore incapable of precise definition. The curse of the Church in all ages has been its passion for definition, and its attempt to make acceptance of a definition its bond of membership. Disguise it as we may, the modern "Church Covenant" is only the old word "creed" in roundabout language. A church covenant as a basis of membership is, and must be, *exclusive*, the imposition of any statement of belief on minister or people is the closed and not the open door. We have renounced the tyranny of creeds, but under the pressure and difficulties of the free desert life we begin to hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt. Let us have no playing and toying with creed-making under any disguise of "Church Covenant" or "Bond of Fellowship."

Martyrs and Martyrdom.

Some years ago Lord Shaftesbury, on uncovering the Smithfield Martyrs' Memorial, said: 'It was not erected in any spirit of defiance or to perpetuate the recollection of past wrongs. . . . The object of the memorial was to inspire, first, gratitude to Almighty God, and next to those men who, for His honour and the advantage of posterity, shrank not from a fiery death." This is the true view of the Marian martyrs. It is not merely the value of the special dogmas in the defence of which they died whereon rests our gratitude, albeit, in the case of Rogers and Bradford, the experience of recent years proves how much more fundamentally important those dogmas were than we had perchance been inclined to think them. It is not their denial of the doctrine of Transubstantiation for which we chiefly owe them thanks and honour, but for their simple fidelity to Truth, as it approved itself to their minds. This it is which gives to martyrdom its eternal value, and which will make the names of all true martyrs still sacred to humanity, even when the controversies for which they died have been forgotten. Indeed, as our race grows older, as we tend more to prize material welfare, and become, perhaps, more and more inclined to waver and doubt about doctrines wherein our forefathers put unclouded trust, the value of the martyrs' sacrifice, so far from diminishing, will constantly rise in our estimation; for they will have given us the evidence that the tide of faith and devotion at least once rose to that noble height. Had there never been any martyrs, had no man ever died for his God, we could never be so sure as we are that the Religious Sentiment in our nature is a great reality, and that—as it is thus certain that man has truly loved his Maker—it is equally sure that He who accepts that "whole burnt sacrifice" must love him also. All martyrs, then, are *our* martyrs. Roman Catholics and Protestants, orthodox and heretics, Christians and Pagans, we may share in this glorious heritage of the past. Instead of being watchwords of bitterness and mutual recriminations, the names of the martyrs of our different creeds should be looked on as the common property of all. It is said that every country has its springs of healing waters, whereby the maladies incidental

to human nature may be relieved from Nature's own laboratory, hidden in the recesses of the everlasting hills. Looking over the face of the world, blotted with so much misery and sin, we might imagine an angel turning to gaze on the spots, no less common to all lands, wherein human hearts have poured forth their rich tides; and where doubts and fears and worldliness may for ever be rebuked. It is strange how, in the eagerness of parties to use the martyrs' names as weapons of controversy, we have all lost sight of this grand and universal lesson of martyrdom. Every child who receives what is called a good education is taught something about the martyrs of his own faith. The Jew, the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, the Nonconformist, has each his little band in the noble army on whose prowess all his attention is fixed, and very often he is unaware how many and how splendid were the achievements of those whom he looks on rather as adversaries than as comrades. All of us have have heard, for instance, of how the early Christians endured their Ten Persecutions under the Roman Emperors; but who remembers how the heathens of the Dark Ages afterwards bore similar tortures from the early Christian converted kings, like St. Olaf of Norway, who placed the Druids by scores on rocks to be drowned by the advancing tide; or St. Stephen of Hungary, who exterminated the adherents of the old gods till the last grand old chief had himself buried alive as a propitiatory sacrifice as he sat motionless on his war horse by the banks of the Danube? Who remembers how the Arians in Spain and Africa were first persecutors and then persecuted?—how the Albigenses were slaughtered by the cruel Simon de Montfort; and, finally, when the Reformation came, how the Inquisition, and Alva's and Mary's persecutions, and St. Bartholomew's slaughter, though never rivalled by the Protestants, were yet not for many a day condemned by them because they were cruelties in the name of religion, but only because they were cruelties against their particular *form* of religion? How many orthodox Swiss children, we wonder, are yet aware that in a certain sweet spot, now a public pleasure-ground, near Geneva, their apostle, John Calvin, sat one day and for more than an hour's time calmly and relentlessly watched Michael Servetus writhing and screaming in torture while his body was slowly roasted away, a punishment for some incomprehensible theories about the Trinity? Strangest, and perhaps most truly glorious of all the martyrs, was he of whom Mr. Froude tells us, who was burnt by Henry VIII., not for holding any particular dogma, but for maintaining that no dogma was necessary to salvation, and "that in every nation he who strove to please God was accepted of Him." In this hero's case, even that small alloy of selfish motive, that dread of future condemnation, which may have spurred some others to bear their fiery trial, must have been wholly absent. He died, if ever man died, for the sake of truth as such—for nothing else.

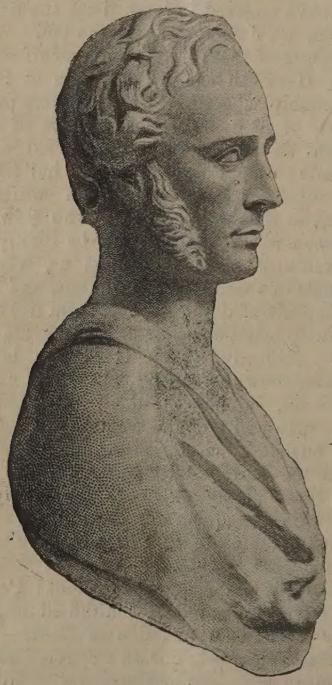
In the desolate valley of Jehoshaphat the wayfarer beholds the familiar rock-temples which have received in later times the names of Absalom, St. James, and Zechariah. As the architecture of these buildings is manifestly that of the Herodian age, it has been of late not unreasonably suggested that they were probably in course of erection during the days of Christ, and that it was to them he alluded when he condemned the Pharisees for "building the tombs of the Prophets," even while they followed in the steps of those who slew them. The lesson would, perhaps, not be wholly out of date even now to some amongst us, who build memorials of the martyrs of our age, and yet are not incapable of doing what in them lies to make other such martyrs as in our days are to be found. Nobody, thank God! can burn his neighbour now for heresy, nor even cast him into prison, or hurt a hair of his head. But many a man and many a woman can inflict on wife, husband, child, sister, dependant, an amount of moral suffering which the victim would often gladly exchange for bodily pain. Those who relinquish for conscience' sake the religious opinions of their friends, have they not yet somewhat to undergo in cruel words and averted looks and alienated affections? Perchance the Martyrs' Memorial in Smithfield might not inaptly preach to us the double lesson—first, to be at least faithful to our own convictions under our trifling trials, as those heroes were faithful to theirs, even unto fiery death; and secondly, to respect in the honest confessors of our own homes that same fidelity which we are ready to revere in Rogers and in Bradford.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Pioneers and Preachers.

II.—Robertson of Brighton.

On a certain Sunday in July, just sixty years ago, a devoted young graduate from Oxford went up to be ordained. And this was the text chosen for his ordination sermon, this, too, the motto given him when the Bishop of Winchester sent him forth on his career—"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In this spirit he entered upon his work, for this stern summons was met with the response of his heart; but none could foresee how utterly his whole after life was to be a daily obedience to this call of endurance.



FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

For this young man was Frederick Robertson, of Winchester, of Cheltenham, of Brighton. Let us think of him; not of his outward career, for that is small matter, and was soon—too soon—over; but of the inner man and his teaching, for these are still living, his personality, his spiritual biography, his contribution to the religious life of the last century.

Robertson stands alone: he cannot be grouped with others. Amongst the pioneers and preachers whom we are reviewing he holds a unique position He was neither founder, leader, nor follower, of any party, or school of theology whatever, yet he was and is a religious power. He gathered the wheat and left the tares of all parties. He admired Dr. Arnold, and he may be put down, generally speaking, as a Broad Churchman; but he belonged to no Broad Church party. He esteemed Maurice much for many things, and he differed from him in many things: he admired, defended Kingsley, and was often incriminated with him in Christian Socialism, but he took particular pains to disown his Socialistic doctrines. "Sever yourself from all parties and maxims" was his constant advice. Think then of Robertson as standing alone, belonging to all, yet bound to none.

What influences went to his making, moulded the youth into the man, developed his life and thought?

Firstly his temperament. He was sensitive to the quick, as receptive as a camera plate; he was idealistic as a poet, reverent and devout as any saint; he was high-spirited like a thoroughbred, chivalrous as a knight of old. His sensitive, nerve-strung disposition laid him open to the keenest alternation of joy and pain, but it also made him instinctively sympathise with the joys or sorrows of others, and hence, whatever the class of his audience, there was mutual understanding at once. His ready, almost womanly, emotion gave him an ardour of loving, a power of imagination which was magnetic in its resistless attraction, but, behind this fluent feeling, there was always the steady will, the manly resolution.

His early diary contains a list of fixed resolves, which are nobly like those of Channing when also a young man, and, like Channing's too, they were kept. But, though he could love, he could also hate, and be indignant with evil, injustice, cant, and a rebuke from him was never forgotten. How

we seem to be losing this Christ feeling of righteous indignation! Yet again, because of his poetic soul, he could deeply, quietly revel in the beautiful, the musical, the spiritual, in art, in nature, in literature. But he was no ideal dreamer or dilettante *literateur*—but a good soldier, a Christian warrior, with the battle spirit always pulling at his heart, with the chivalry note of a modern knight, with an unutterable admiration for daring in any heroic form, with a fearless courage, both physical and moral, hidden within his sensitive frame. Ah! what a delicate yet fine equipment with which to meet the world and life!

Outwardly his chief influences were books and travels, books partly of moral philosophy, but principally of poetry. "The character of a man may be told," he said, "by the poets whom he loves." It was conspicuously thus in his own case. Although Plato's idealism and Aristotle's ethics "passed like the iron of the blood into his mental constitution," although Abbot's *Way to Do Good* and the *Life of Brainerd* taught him "to believe, to suffer, and to love," it was from the master poets that he drew his spiritual sustenance, from Dante and Shakespeare, from Shelley and Coleridge, from Wordsworth, and especially *The Prelude*, from Tennyson, and especially the *In Memoriam*. "I read little theology, I have almost done with divinity" he confesses to a friend one day. "I read Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, for views of man to meditate upon, instead of theological caricatures of humanity."

This practice was largely reached through an inner religious crisis, a dark hour which tried his faith to the core. A strong reaction from ultra Evangelical teaching drove him down to his foundation, and it was built upon the sand. One unshaken conviction saved his house of life from ruin, and that was his certainty in "the grand simple landmarks of morality." "It must be right to do right." With that residuum of faith "he fought his doubts and gathered strength," and the description of his agony, followed by peace, is the most powerful passage in all Robertson's teachings.

But now what were those teachings? Most fortunately they are preserved in his famous sermons, which are perfect models of clearness, and they rest, as he himself announced, upon six root principles. These explain his religious position, and his contribution to his time. Briefly glance at these in turn, and note not only their meaning for Robertson, but their bearing on present day religion. Their virtue is not so much in any newness which they then possessed, but in the prominent *emphasis* with which they are raised above all others.

I. *The establishment of positive truth instead of the negative destruction of error.*—This is neither a platitude, nor a mere question of method. It marks his whole outlook upon truth and belief, and he applied this principle in three ways. In dealing with the accepted doctrines of the day, he always tried to bring out their living spirit, rather than argumentatively disprove their opposite. In dealing with the outdistanced doctrines of the past, now called errors, he always pointed out a small kernel of truth hidden beneath the husk of mistake, without which it could never have had any life. In dealing with the denounced errors of other churches, he himself did not denounce or oppose, but set the truth and the error face to face, and let the truth thus triumph by contrast. For the repellent spirit of controversy he substituted the tolerant spirit of "hear both sides." Do not attack others, he virtually says, do not deny, do not denounce, do not oppose; it is mere negation, and does less good than harm. Do not trouble so much about the false, but devote all your energies to the truth; do not scold and gird at whatever is bad, but consecrate all your effort to whatever is good and of good report. Do not destroy, but fulfil—the very practice of Jesus. Truth is its own evidence, its own witness, like the sunlight rays, or the lightning flash. Truth is manifold, many-sided, shewing one side of its shield to one man, the other to another. And men are differently constituted, with different capacity, different need. Truth is absolute and complete, but to man relative and imperfect. Therefore, look for the many-sided truth with all sympathy, and under all diversity, rather than ferret out the false with such tenacity; and whenever you find it,

build it up and establish it. The neglect of this wise admonition leads to much misrepresentation and misunderstanding, to the repeated slaying of the slain, and the setting up in order to knock down. *We* need the first principle of Robertson.

II. *That truth is made up of two opposite propositions*, and not found in a *via media* between the two. For instance, Protestant and Romanist take opposite sides, and make opposite assertions, with regard to many, if not most, of the great Christian dogmas. On the surface there can be no reconciling of opposites, but deeper down in their inner longing there is much in common. Are both wrong, and does the real truth lie between them? No, says Robertson, both are right, but the real truth lies below them. Ideas which often are opposed in theory are really not contradictory but complimentary. The intellect tends to force into opposition things which spiritually are at one. There is no form of faith, or type of religion, from which you may not learn something which your own partial views might otherwise miss This you will note is not the idea of the eclectic, who flits from flower to flower, choosing, rejecting, here and there; but of the diviner, who detects truth where others know not of its existence, and who uses his divining rod everywhere. This enables him to see more and further of God's dealings and presence in unsuspected places.

III. "*That Spiritual truth is discerned by the Spirit*, instead of intellectually in propositions: and, therefore, truth should be taught suggestively, not dogmatically."

This consciousness, this practice, pervades all his writings, whether in sermons or letters. I do not find him decrying the intellect, or separating the intellect from the spirit in any forced divorce; but his position is that of Jesus, of Paul, of all great religious teachers, viz., that the spirit is higher and the master, and the intellect must be its servant; that the spirit bears witness to our hearts without intellectual knowledge; that the highest truths, therefore, are felt not proved, realised not argued; that the cultivation of the understanding, though admittedly important, is yet less important than the obedience of the heart. The condition of arriving at truth is innocence and humbleness of life. The way of reaching further truth is obedience to the truth you possess. The highest truths transcend theology and reach the region of poetry. Of poetry, yes, and of mystery. None could be clearer or more lucid than he, yet he was not afraid of mystery. Potter about in your safe little harbour, and all is easy, plain, and clear. But launch out upon Truth's open sea, and there must be some vagueness and uncertainty. How can it be otherwise? But if, instead of getting a clearer conception, you are getting a grander, wider idea, even though it comes with a bewildering sense of mystery and indefiniteness, is it not gain, rather than loss? Be content to float on the tides of the spirit. Measure acts, beliefs, and events always by their spiritual significance. Do not remain in the arid region of mere rationalism. Spiritualise everything; account nothing common. God is a Spirit, and only the spirit of man can know him. That was the tone and tenor of his teaching; he was not a scientific theologian, but his insight into spiritual life was unrivalled and supreme.

IV. "*That belief in the humanity of Christ must be antecedent to belief in his divine origin.*"

The humanity of Christ was the very corner-stone of his religion. To that everything is referred, by it everything is explained. His whole heart's expression is "None but Christ," not in the evangelical sense, but in a deeper, real sense—the mind of Christ; to feel as he felt; to judge the world and its maxims, as he judged them: to make him the test of all thought and action; to see in him the portrait of the ideal man; to realise through him the sublime yet awful Incarnation. Christ is a Saviour of men, not by any vicarious suffering for our own sin, but by being the typical realisation actually of that which every man is potentially. Only in Christ's humanity do we understand our own humanity,—its sorrow and its glory, and few have felt both more deeply than he. Few, if any, have understood Christ more intimately; few shared his experiences more closely, his loneliness, his yearning spirit, his

knowledge of the heart, his quiet, intrepid courage, his triumph amid defeat. And so he could exclaim, "It is a grand thing to be a Christian" and read the solemn tone of prophecy "Ring in the Christ that is to be." "I never read those stanzas," says one of his friends, without hearing his voice, without being awed and humbled, without feeling what he meant when he closed the book, repeating twice over with solemn hopefulness, "Ring in the Christ that is to be."

We are prepared, therefore, for his fifth principle.

V. "*That Christianity, as its teachers should, works from the inward to the outward, and not vice-versa.*"

His Christianity rested on a life, and not on a system, on inner principles, not on vagrant emotions, on love and self-sacrifice, not on beliefs, on service for others, not on saving our own souls. "Christianity is too much preached as theology, too little as the religion of daily life, too much as a religion of feeling, too little as a religion of principles, too much as a religion only for individuals, too little as a religion for nations, and the world at large." "Theology is not Christianity, it is only the scientific exposition of Christianity." And it was this root conviction, this wider conception, that guided him so surely through the intricacies of current doctrines, helping him to draw the real life-gold out of each and cast away the dead dross. Thus he valued the Bible, but not Bibliolatry; he practiced Baptism, but rejected Baptismal Regeneration; he observed the Sabbath, but not Sabbatarianism; he believed in a Spiritual Apostolical Succession, but not in the hereditary episcopate.

VI. *The "Soul of goodness in things evil."* He brought out the good in all life and belief; errors were fossils, not lies. The world gapes and goes astray sometimes, but comes back to goodness at last.

"Yes, Goodness, Duty, Sacrifice—these are the qualities that England honours." "Nothing stirs her grand old heart down to its central deeps universally and long except the Right." "Men like Arnold and Wordsworth she recognises at last."

In virtue of these six principles which underlay all his preaching and his personality, Robertson became, and has ever since been, a reconciler, and not a divider of men, a peacemaker in religion, a comforter to those doubting religion, an inspirer to thoughtful men and women in every church and denomination. All honour to the man; long memory to his name!

FRANK K. FREESTON.

The Great Spring Festival.

"While I can enjoy the friendship of the seasons," said Thoreau, "I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me." The "friendship of the seasons" can at least lift the burden from time to time; and spring has the happiest power of all. The most sluggish mood is quickened by the brightness of its sunny mornings, and health of mind increases as its healthful airs stimulate the body's vigour. Most welcome of all festivals to hearts friendly with Nature is that which emphasises the rebirth of the world's beauty, blossom, fragrance, and richness. Its suggestions and whispers breathe like familiar intimations of a joy that never will grow old. "Fresh as a daisy" is the common expression, equivalent to the "so sweet is Marguerite" of the old English singer. Well for the heart of man that the spring flowers cannot grow stale by repetition! Wordsworth need hardly have prayed to die when his heart should fail to rebound with the emotion known to him from boyhood, at the sight of things fair and sweet. The man is dead when a flower fails to win his interest, to stir his wonder, and set flowing again the thoughts that lie too deep for tears.

Our generation may have many troubles to warrant the plaints of pessimism; but on the other hand there never was a time when more people, men, women, and children, were "friendly" with the seasons. Thanks to our White of Selborne, our Izaak Walton, and our Richard Jefferies, we have learned to escape from the city's streets into the fields; and to look not all unwisely or unskilled upon the ways and results of the Artist who works out-of-doors among the meadows and the trees, in the sky and over the wide earth. "A little learning" may be as dangerous as ever to the fool; but in the sense

of the wiser culture "the learned eye is still the loving eye." Our recent poets and painters, too have sung or sketched the glories of outward things, as never they did before. Take up the works of any of the dozen venturous aspirants who long for the laureate wreath—they are all, without exception, singers about the growing life that in its myriad forms still encompasses the upsoaring imagination, and far exceeds the most cunning pencil. It is no longer a mannerism to profess a love for the country. The pretty and often nonsensical pastorals of last century have been banished by the incoming of a poetry of truth, that seeks, as in Tennyson, to be as faithful to nature as the most serious of professors could be. They all help us whose sight is not so keen, and who, though inflammable, need the spark of genius to set us on fire with the glow of admiration. Each opening year finds greater bands of students turning naturewards with them learning the names and features of the happy living things whose beauty no man can declare. And they who do not study, the great army of toilers from our mills and workshops, are being more and more led into the earth's broad breathing spaces, there to rejoice amid things that cannot but expand their knowledge and purify their affections.

The Christian Name and the Liberal Faith.

AN ADDRESS,

By the REV. JOSEPH WOOD.

III.

But what better thing have we to put in the place of orthodoxy? Or do we only oppose to its doctrines a negative? Are we content to say, "We do not believe this and we do not believe that?" Shall we ever recapture the Christian name by negatives? It is a common charge against Liberal Christianity that it is a destructive thing, and has nothing positive to teach. On the contrary, we affirm that we have a more positive faith to set forth than orthodoxy; a better conception of Christianity—more according to light, reason, humility, and the highest ethics, answering more fully to the needs of the human heart.

1.—*We have a better thought of God to give men.*

It is a strong thing to say, but it is nevertheless true, that popular and orthodox Christianity denies the perfect goodness of God. It indeed asserts His perfect goodness; but then it proceeds to say, "Goodness in God does not necessarily mean the same as goodness in man," using the word in two different senses. But if when I use the words "goodness" of God, I do not mean the same thing—the same in fundamental quality—as when I use it of man, what business have I to use it at all? The popular theology ascribes to God actions and a line of conduct which, in a man, would not be good but infamous—such as condemning the whole human race to perdition for the sin of Adam, and consigning to endless and revengeful torment the children of His own making. And it attempts to get rid of the difficulty by saying it is a divine mystery, and by telling us that finite and limited man must not judge the infinite and absolute. The upshot of which is that what would be unjust and cruel in man, is not so in God.

But if God's goodness does not mean real actual goodness as we know it in our best moments—God's love, real love; God's faithfulness, real faithfulness—what do they mean? Nothing we can understand, nothing we can trust in. How can I trust in a love and goodness which is not what I call love and goodness, or anything like them?

Liberal Christianity, on the other hand, asserts with positive, passionate conviction the perfect goodness of God. It teaches as Jesus taught—that man is to be good as his Father in heaven is good; to be merciful as his Father in heaven is merciful, with the same sort of goodness and mercy as we are familiar with in our homes on earth. We declare that to speak of God as damning all the human race for the sin of Adam, is to teach that He is not perfectly good; that to think there will ever come a time when He will cease to forgive, when He will look down upon the ascending smoke of the everlasting torments of men He once loved, and love them no more, is a libel on the word "goodness," and is to make God horrible and hateful,

On the contrary, we declare God to be not less perfect and glorious in goodness than we, taught of Jesus, are able to think Him. We declare God's unquenchable love for man, which no bounds of time or space can limit; we believe that God shall yet be all in all, which He could not be if one poor soul were left at last to perish in a fruitless fire. Whatever is good and beautiful in the human soul, that is the likeness of God.

Which of these two conceptions of God is really Christian? Which is most in accord with the mind and teaching of Jesus?

2.—*We have a better and more Christian thought of men.*

Orthodoxy conceives of man as having at first existed in a state of moral perfection, from which he fell away by a great catastrophe, and the work of the Creator ever since has been to rectify a world gone out of gear. A fallen race, incapable of good, needing the intervention of a stupendous series of miracles to save it from ruin, is the popular conception of the Christian doctrine of man. That every man born into this world is corrupted by the sin of Adam, and deserves punishment and damnation both in this world and the next; that through this taint of original sin no man has the power to do those works which are good and acceptable to God; that this low view of human nature is a fundamental element in popular orthodoxy—this is the hurtful and degrading doctrine we have to face. I am well aware that it is sometimes said, this doctrine is given up by all intelligent people in the Churches. But if it is already given up by all intelligent men, then the only inference is that only a few of the men in our Churches are intelligent. For it is still published in all the creeds. It is still implied in a thousand hymns. It is the underlying supposition of ninety-nine sermons out of every hundred. No movement has been started to get it expunged from the Articles or the Westminster Confession.

On the other hand, we believe that man is not a fallen being at all, but a progressive one. We believe that what is called the Fall was a giant step in human progress—man's first awakening to moral consciousness. Science has utterly disproved the old conception of a perfect human being from whom the race started and fell. Man did not begin with perfection; perfection is the goal and end to which he travels. Man began with nothing, right down at zero, and from that low condition he has been reaching upward ever since. If we are intelligent we talk of the rise of man, not of his fall. It is not a question with us, how did evil come into the world, but how, out of the primeval condition of things, good came into the world and man was slowly developed into a moral being. We note that Jesus never said one word about the fall of man, never made the slightest allusion to the story of Eden. No word ever fell from His lips about original sin or the corruption of Adam. On the contrary, He believed in the goodness of man and in the infinite preciousness of the human soul. He refused to believe in anybody's total depravity. The woman who was a sinner crouched at His feet, and He saw in her the sleeping angel—the germs of a nobler life. Publicans and sinners in His presence felt that while He blamed them He also believed in them, for He was conscious of their good moments and impulses, and gave them credit for them, and that he loved them even for their little goodness. Liberal Christianity follows in the same wake. It believes not in the corruption, but in the divinity of man. It believes that sin itself is a hopeful sign, since it is man's consciousness of the gulf between the actual and the ideal. It teaches that in every son of man there is a nature which may yet come to flower in the paradise of God. It declares that under the fostering care of God not one soul of His making is finally lost, and that out of all sin and sorrow man is yet to attain a destiny proportionate to the grandeur of his age-long training and preparation.

Now which of these views of man is the most positive and hopeful? Which is the most after the mind of Christ?

3.—*We have a better thought of Jesus.*

It is commonly said that we have a low view of Jesus, and that whatever else in the Liberal faith may be good and positive, here it is at a loss and compares unfavourably with orthodoxy. But it is not so.

Orthodoxy presents us with a supernatural Christ whom we are to believe in because of His miraculous powers. The Liberal faith comes to us with a simple, human, natural Christ, whom we are to believe in because of the beauty of His character and the sweet reasonableness of His teaching. What Christ has done for the world seems to me far more wonderful when I think of Him as a non-miraculous man than when I think of Him as a miracle-working God. It would seem easy, with the power of working miracles at his command, for any being to gain influence and persuade people to believe in him, and to bring in and get accepted a new religion; but to do all this without miracles, to do it as a man, to breathe a spirit of enthusiasm for righteousness and a passionate love of mankind into myriads of a remote posterity, this is to exalt our Christ, and to make Him glorious indeed. We love and reverence Him, not less but more, now that we know He was indeed one of ourselves. If He did all that as a man, then how nobly we must think of the human race which is capable of producing such a character. The old view of Jesus as a supernatural being took Him at once out of the region of our sympathies and affections. To offer men a Christ who is God, who is man, who is both, who is neither, is to offer them a Christ less powerful as an example, less close and dear as a friend, less answering the needs of humanity, than to offer them a Christ who is not a different sort of being from themselves, but the very type of human nature at its best.

The story of a Christ who is God-born and God-slain, if we could believe it, would fill us with despair. If the world was at first so ill made that, having come to wreck and ruin, nothing could save it but this gigantic wonder; and if even this stupendous miracle has not succeeded after 2000 years in making itself known to one-half the human race, or in getting itself accepted by one-fourth—then it seems to me the most disastrous failure the imagination can conceive. But if Jesus is a man as we are men, then He is not the sign of failure but of immortal and universal hope. For then it is marvellous what He has done in 2000 years, and He becomes the pledge and prophecy of yet greater things. Nothing that He was or is is impossible for us. All the sonship, all the divinity, all the goodness that was His is ours. He has given the world a new type of character, which is possible for all men because it was possible for one man. We do not think of Him as God; but never did we so revereuce Him; never did we so look up to Him; never did we have such affection and fellowship towards Him as now, nor such a sense of the service He has rendered humanity. For my own part, I passionately reject the slight implied when we are told we regard Him as "a mere man." A *mere* man! What is it to be a man? The world has never yet seen a man in all the fulness and glory and beauty of manhood. What better thing can be said of any human being; what loftier, deeper, wider thing than this: "He was a man indeed." A *mere* man! Why, to be a man is to be little less than a God, crowned with honour and glory, having dominion over all other created things. A *mere* man! Then God make me such a man as He!

Can you complain of this view of Christ, that it is not positive, and that it fails in appreciation of His gracious character and mighty inspiration? No one will deny that the modern world has received its sense of humanity, its recognition of the value of man as man, irrespective of creed, caste, or condition, from the gospel of Jesus. The sense of humanity is, to-day, the mightiest power in our western civilisation, and it is essentially Christian; it has the fine, distinctive qualities that were first seen in Jesus of Nazareth. And what greater honour can be accorded our Master than this—that, being a man, He taught men humanity?

To return to the point from whence I started—our right to the Christian name. There has been no lack of assertion that Liberals in religion are not, and cannot be, Christians; every little while someone arises in our own ranks, and bids us cast aside the Christian name that we may go on to something higher. My answer is, The world has not yet discovered a higher. If Christianity is to be studied first of all in Christ, it will be a difficult problem for friend or enemy to

draw a circle round the Christian name, leaving anything of humanity, of ethics, or of progressive, spiritual thought outside of it. There is, in the teaching and spirit of Jesus, not the narrowness of a less advanced humanity or civilisation than ours, but a richness and warmth of human sympathy, and a breadth of view, which place His life still before the largest-hearted and the most progressive-minded as a power and an example. Christianity is not at all what it is claimed to be by an orthodox theology. I refuse to give up the reality because it has been extensively caricatured in the Churches. That would be like giving up the use of gold sovereigns because counterfeits are in circulation. It would be an irreparable loss that we should surrender the Christian flag to those who claim it for a despairing creed, an irrational theology, and an inferior ethics.

The only thing which can hold the intelligence of the age is a Christianity that is human, free from the degrading survivals of darker centuries, hopeful to all efforts of the spirit of man to reach forward to light and goodness, broad enough to match the varied wants of the time, free enough to adapt itself to the larger knowledge, the wider outlook, the nobler ethics of modern civilisation Such a Christianity is confided to our trust. With it we may yet work wonders if only we believe in it with the enthusiasm, the courage, and the self-denial of its great founder.

Outward Bound.

I have taken good-night at the world, and at all the fasherie of the same.—JOHN KNOX.

Good-bye, Old World; shake hands before I go,
I would not leave behind a single foe.
We've lived for different objects, different ends;
My God has not been your God, nor yours mine;
Something's amiss, Heaven only comprehends.
As for your suitors, how could they combine
With hearts that hungered for the higher love,
Seeking the light that cometh from above?
Our forced copartnership, thank God, now stays
At parting of the ways.
I leave my burden with you, here below;
Your presence is not suffered where I go.

But thou, O Mother Earth! must we too part—
We, who have loved each other, heart for heart?
Have I not strained my ear to breeze and brook,
By hill and valley, flower-enamelled sod,
Till thou hast shown me in thy secret book,
On every leaf, the signature of God?—
Thy revelation, flashing from afar,
The things that are not through the things that are.
O Mother, it were pain to part with you
Unless I surely knew
That earth, air, ocean, all thy mighty sum
Were but a mirror of a world to come.

J. B. SELKIRK.

News from the Field.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—On Easter Sunday the new organ of the Church of the Divine Unity was opened by Mr. Councillor Robert Affleck, through whose kindness the instrument has been obtained on very generous terms. The organ originally cost £1500, and has been sold to the congregation for £350, its present condition being in every respect as good as new. On Sunday, April 14th, the anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. Joseph Wood. The annual meeting was held on the following evening and was marked by much hope and enthusiasm. The Rev. Frank Walters does *not* wear the mantle of Jeremiah, and the note of depression is *not* the prevailing note at Newcastle

MACCLESFIELD —The Rev. A. Leslie Smith, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of the King Edward Street Chapel.

SHEFFIELD.—A fortnight's mission has been successfully held, conducted by the Revs. J. E. Manning and J. Ellis.

MANCHESTER DOMESTIC MISSION. — The Rev. Sydney Street, B.A., concluded his ministry here on Sunday, April 21. Mr. Street carries with him into his new sphere of labour the affection, good wishes, and gratitude of a large number of friends who have been associated with him for the last seven years in the mission.

LEICESTER.—The friends of the Free Christian Church are to be congratulated on the successful completion of their plans for a new church and schools, opened on March 28th. The church is admirably designed, and will seat 300 persons. The ceremony of opening was performed by Mr. S. Fielding Johnson, and the Rev. R. A. Armstrong preached the sermon. The minister, the Rev. T. Whittaker spoke at the evening meeting in a most encouraging way of the efforts and prospects of the congregation.

KIDDERMINSTER.— A most interesting confirmation service was held at the New Meeting on Easter Sunday morning, when thirty-seven young people were received into church membership.

STOURBRIDGE DISTRICT SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The annual social meeting was held at the Lye, on March 30th. During the evening the E. P. Hall, B.A., gave a stimulating address.

BRISTOL.—On Sunday, March 31st, forty young people were received into the fellowship of the Lewin's Wood Church.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Good Manners.

Never tease and annoy others; be gentle; be tidy; be obliging.

Consider the comfort of those who are near you.

Seek to be most helpful to those who most need your help. Don't be conceited.

Don't fawn to superiors, and don't be arrogant towards inferiors.

Maintain your self-respect, and show due respect to everyone.

At play, don't show ill-temper though the game goes against you.

In a busy street keep to the right of the foot path, and always be accommodating.

Avoid jostling and rudeness of every kind.

Apologise if you should tread upon any one; show that you did not mean it, and do not let anyone go away with the impression that you are rude or unkind.

Don't stare at people; don't point or laugh at them.

Don't stand or lounge where you are in others' way.

In company don't whisper.

Never speak rudely to any one.

Never defile your lips with a bad or improper word.

Don't use slang.

At home don't fret, though things are not all as you would like. To preserve a sweet temper under trial or provocation is a great triumph.

To the Cuckoo.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same that in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,—
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd bird! the Earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Thimble, Needle, and Thread.

A thimble, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together.

Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future."

"It is true, I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know that it is only when you do not do your work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it."

"Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peace-maker.

"You mind your own business," retorted the needle.

"My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you."

"That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent. But my own opinion is that people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest, we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbours for something or other every day of our lives."

The Master of the House.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he know of books and men,
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen;
He has no pocket, and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny,
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile,—
A despot, strong through infancy,
A king, from lack of guile.
He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother,—
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his sway,
For wrapt in baby-robes of state,
He governs night and day.
Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him.
His subjects bend before him too,
I'm one of them. God bless him!

JOHN DENNIS.